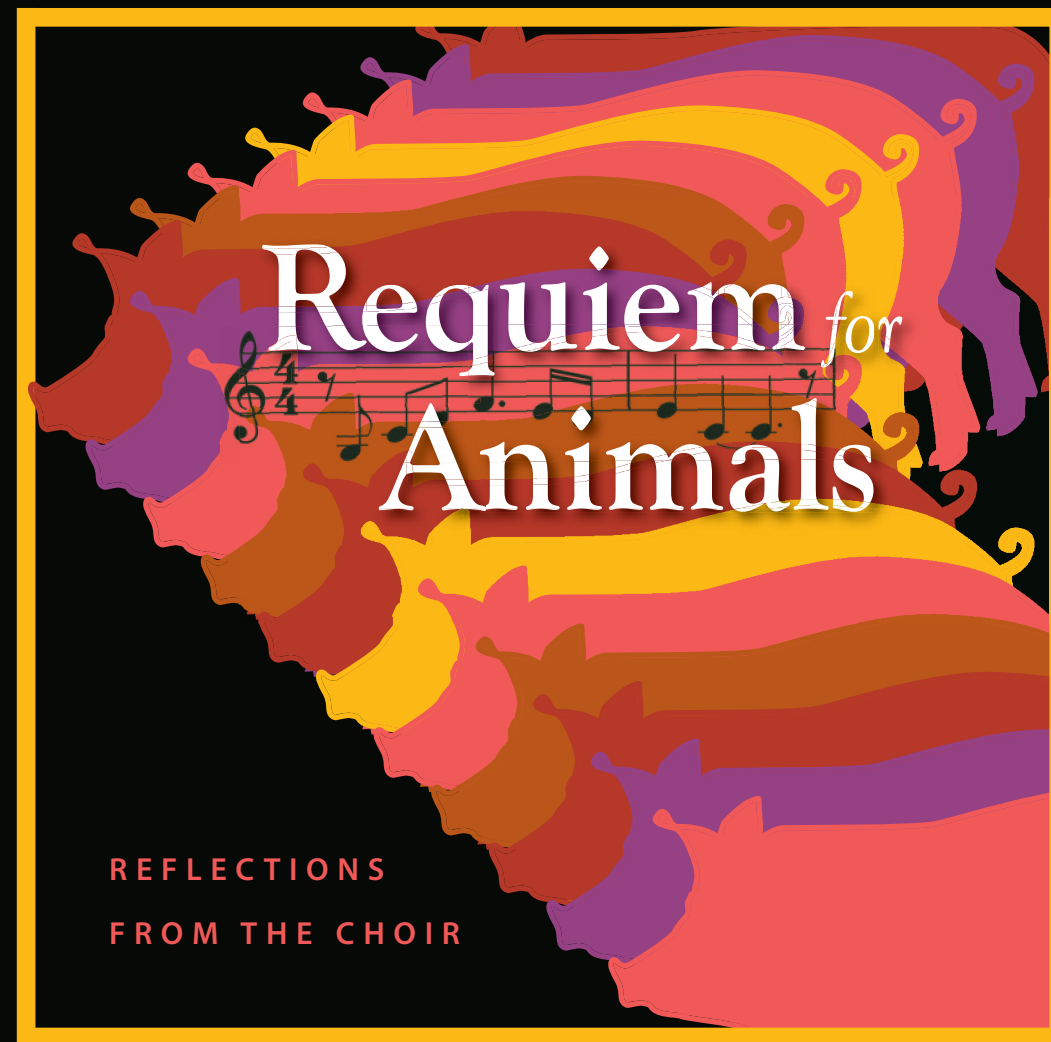
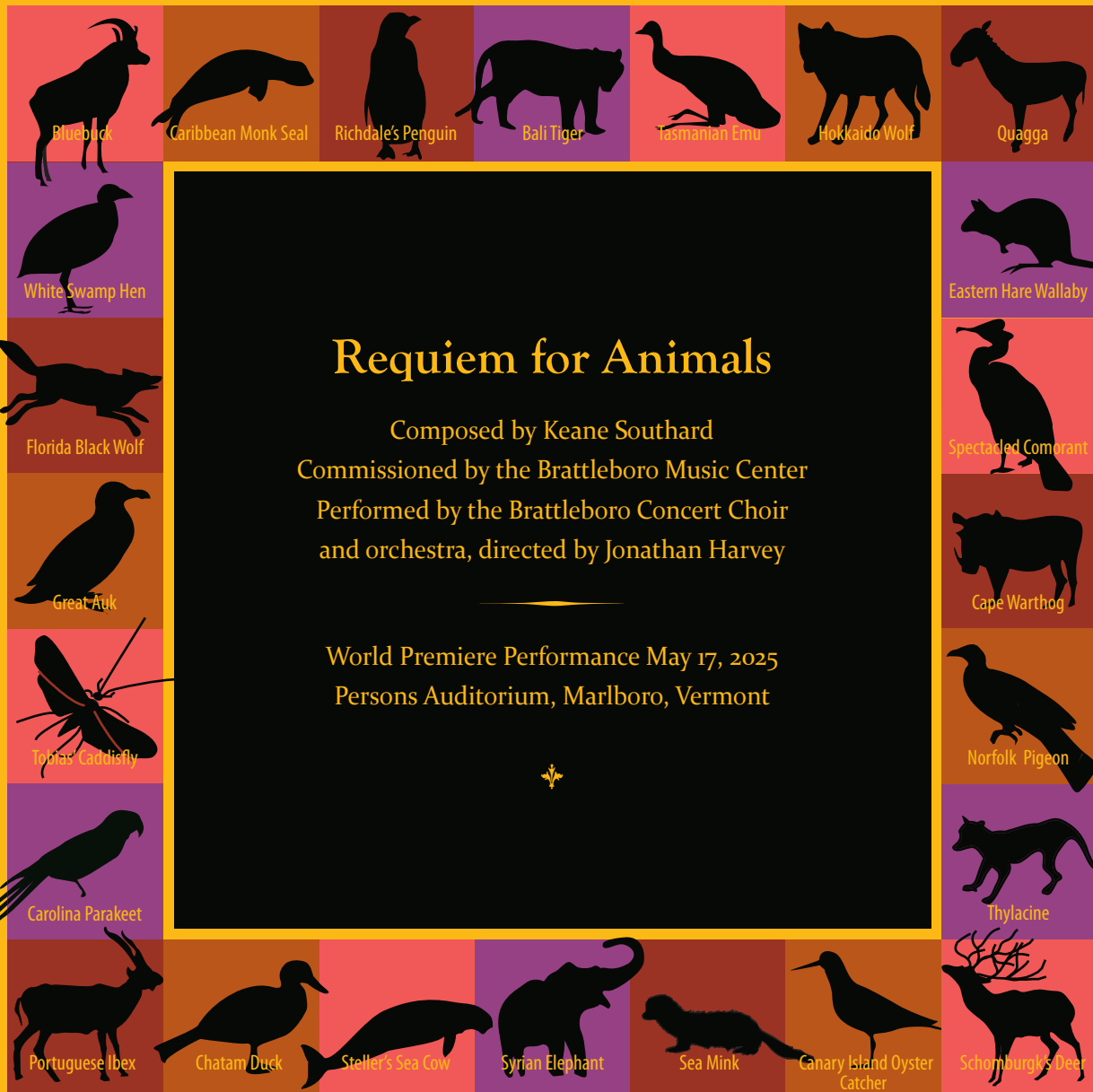




Those who are gone forever,
we remember you.





Requiem for Animals

Composed by Keane Southard
Commissioned by the Brattleboro Music Center
Performed by the Brattleboro Concert Choir
and orchestra, directed by Jonathan Harvey

World Premiere Performance May 17, 2025
Persons Auditorium, Marlboro, Vermont



Requiem for Animals

REFLECTIONS FROM THE CHOIR

Dedicated with gratitude and respect to

Keane Southard

from the Brattleboro Concert Choir



May 17, 2025



Keane,

We, the singers in the Brattleboro Concert Choir, have been honored to premier your *Requiem for Animals*. There have been several exciting moments in the process of preparing this new piece for performance: being the first singers to lay eyes on the score, being deeply moved and disturbed by the bold text, and being the first to delve into some of the musically challenging passages. As we have worked and learned the music, we have had moments when we finally sang a passage close to the way it was written; these have been the most thrilling—and most revelatory—moments of all. As with all great art, the more time we spend with it, the more meaningful, brilliant, and beautiful it shows itself to be.

When we first encountered the more explicit descriptions of suffering, most of us were taken aback by how disturbing they are. We had doubts about whether it would be fair or beneficial to subject an

unsuspecting audience to these difficult texts set to emotionally roiling music. We wondered whether we were committing activism instead of creating art. Some of us wondered if we were even capable of performing it. Individually and collectively, we examined these questions while we continued to rehearse and study the score. The integrity we brought to this process of choosing to perform your piece brought us to where we are now—committed in our hearts and minds, without reservation or confusion, to delivering the music and the message of *Requiem for Animals*.

The writings gathered herein are witness to how deeply we have been affected by your composition: “I think the requiem has awakened an awareness that I have routinely ignored most of my life”; “it bids me to feel the pain and then find my own way to heal some teeny piece of that pain”; “I was not sure I had the emotional fortitude to sing *Requiem for Animals*”; “I feel as though singing this Requiem masterfully will both break our hearts and put them back together again”; “*Requiem for Animals* brings us to our knees so that we may grieve and mourn.”

My own admiration for the Requiem has grown week by week. I have successively described it as gut-wrenching, bold, beautiful, and brilliant. In the end, I find it a towering composition. It stands on the shoulders of giants in the sense of containing elements of classical requiems, hymnody, heavy metal, jazz, and movie scores. Musically, it is in a class all its own—fresh and new and timeless, undefinable. In its message, it is a work of purity, which invites us to assume responsibility for our treatment of animals, to acknowledge the implications of our own unconscious contributions to the suffering of others and the degradation of the planet, and ultimately, what it means to love our neighbors as ourselves. *Requiem for Animals* is for us human animals, too.

—George Moore, May 6, 2025

Requiem for Animals

REFLECTIONS FROM THE CHOIR

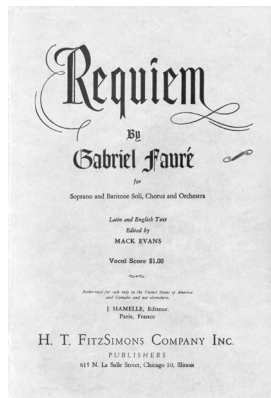


Keane Southard has composed an extraordinary piece of music for us, the Brattleboro Concert Choir. We have the privilege of bringing this new work to life and premiering it. *Requiem for Animals* is a work of great depth, pain and truth. At times it is viscerally graphic, then achingly beautiful and heartbreaking. The music and words demand of us a certain detachment, but also deep feeling, focus and accuracy of musical expression in order to convey the granting of peace and rest to the dead.

Requiem for Animals is a requiem in the truest sense of the word. Laced throughout the piece are the Latin words from the requiem mass, which for centuries have evoked the horrors of death, and pain of loss and grief. We cry out to mourn the dead, the multitudes of creatures that have died by the indiscriminate acts of humans. We are at a time in human development and science when we can actually understand the intelligence of the animal

requiem (n.)

“Mass for repose of the soul of the dead,” c. 1300, from Latin *requiem*, accusative singular of *requiescere* “rest (after labor), be idle, repose,” from re-, here perhaps an intensive prefix (see re-), + *quiescere* “to repose, rest, sleep,” from *quies* “quiet” (from suffixed form of PIE root *kweie- “to rest, be quiet”).



world and the interconnectedness of animals, humans, and the natural world. What harms the lowliest beings eventually harms us all. What upsets the natural balance and homeostasis of the universe eventually causes the destruction of all life. We are seeing it happen before our very eyes. So in a way, this is also a requiem for us.

Before we can fix what has come to be, we must absorb the pain and own the suffering as our own. It is a reckoning that collectively we must feel. *Requiem for Animals* brings us to our knees so that we may grieve and mourn. Then perhaps from our suffering, keening and wailing, and pain, we can atone for these creatures who have suffered, sacrificed for our greed, sport, and callous disregard for their welfare and existence. Perhaps, if we care enough, we can change our ways and create a better world for us all.

—Margery McCrum



I'm determined to perform this piece and look forward to learning more about myself and our audience from the experience.

—Steven John

"Art should comfort the disturbed and disturb the comfortable."

—Cesar A. Cruz



“Truly I tell you, because you did not do it to the least of them, you did not do it to me.”

—Adapted from
Matthew 25: 42–45.

Keane’s piece brilliantly and brutally confronts us with a question: what is our responsibility to speak for the voiceless, to advocate for those who are considered less than, whether they are human, or a different species? The piece is a journey through that challenge, and takes us through darkness to an empowering and hopeful place. We have a choice—we can opt for caring and benevolence, rather than dominance and exploitation—and by seizing the opportunity to give voice to the voiceless, a better world is in our grasp.

—Jonathan Harvey



I wondered if I would be able to sing this piece, let alone invite friends to come hear it. Working on it reminds me of the ongoing reality of our inherited actions against animals and the environment, and also gives me joy to be one of the voices singing this tribute to the animal world through such beautiful, haunting music.

—Helen Merena

“The last known shooting of a wild thylacine took place in 1930, and by the mid-30s sightings in the wild were extremely rare.

A shift in public opinion and the start of conservation action came too late. The species was granted protected status just 59 days before the death of the last known thylacine, which died in Hobart’s Beaumaris Zoo from suspected neglect on 7 September 1936.”

—National Museum of
Australia website



"I was drawn into the work
almost against my will."

I found the *Requiem for Animals* chaotic and torturous when I first sang through it. I didn't read the text except as presented in rehearsal. "Alarming," was what I thought. I even asked Jonathan about a few of the choral passages I thought must be typos in the music. I found the choral writing unnecessarily complicated.

It wasn't until I started really studying the score with the midi-orchestra that I discovered the brilliance and thoughtfulness of the writing, both orchestral and choral. Harmonic dissonance and melodic abstraction seemed consistent. I was drawn into the work almost against my will. Horror at some of the textual passages was somehow soothed by the musical setting. What at first seemed arbitrarily complex became harmony and melody that was wholly consistent with the theme of the piece.



"Moral questions that I have
avoided all my life linger
now on the edges of my
consciousness."

I was gradually drawn into the complicated emotions around the images of torture and abuse. I realize now there is no peace to be found here. I am left with the unsettled feeling of my responsibility and participation in the horrors described. I think the requiem has awakened an awareness that I have routinely ignored most of my life. Moral questions that I have avoided all my life linger now on the edges of my consciousness. I am emotionally challenged not only by the text but the music itself, both running on parallel courses.

—Jon Joyce



Strange Fruit

"Southern trees bear strange
fruit / Blood on the leaves and
blood at the root / Black
bodies swinging in the south-
ern breeze / Strange fruit hang-
ing from the poplar trees /
Pastoral scene of the gallant
south / The bulging eyes and
the twisted mouth / Scent of
magnolias, sweet and fresh
Then the sudden smell of
burning flesh / Here is fruit for
the crows to pluck / For the
rain to gather, for the wind to
suck / For the sun to rot, for the
trees to drop / Here is a
strange and bitter crop."

—Abel Meeropol
(written under his pseudonym
Lewis Allan)

I have been thinking about your deep feelings that you shared last night. I get your sense of horror and your feeling repelled by the words Keane used. It is very, very tough stuff.

For me, this very toughness, layered onto the sometimes jangling, sometimes absolutely lyrical music, has entered my being and has moved me to my core.

I am not a vegetarian, I eat fish and occasionally, I eat meat. So Keane's libretto challenges me as well. But Keane's genuine sense of justice and radical decency for all sentient beings connects completely with my own moral compass. I went to bed last night feeling so grateful to Jonathan for opening the



Guernica

"The grey, black, and white painting, on a canvas 11 feet tall and 25 feet across, portrays the suffering wrought by violence and chaos. Prominently featured in the composition are a gored horse, a bull, screaming women, a dead baby, a dismembered soldier, and flames."

—Wikipedia

"Yes, it is an unbearable piece of art, and at the same time, a piece that has turned literally millions of people, around the world, against war."

discussion, encouraging each and every one of us to speak from our hearts. It felt like a holy experience of listening and honoring and connecting.

And then I woke up this morning and Billie Holiday's rendition of "Strange Fruit" popped into my head. "Tough" doesn't come anywhere near describing the brutality and horror of this song compared to Keane's *Requiem for Animals*, but in 1999 *Time* magazine called it the "best song of the 20th Century."

Bizarrely, Picasso's iconic painting, "Guernica", was painted the very same year as "Strange Fruit." And its nightmare scenario is every bit as brutal as "Strange



Ohio

"Tin soldiers and Nixon's comin'
We're finally on our own
This summer I hear the drummin'
Four dead in Ohio
Gotta get down to it
Soldiers are gunning us down
Should have been done long ago
What if you knew her and
Found her dead on the ground?
How can you run when you know?

Gotta get down to it
Soldiers are cutting us down
Should have been done long ago
What if you knew her and
Found her dead on the ground?
How can you run when you know?

Tin soldiers and Nixon's comin'
We're finally on our own
This summer I hear the drummin'
Four dead in Ohio."

—Neil Young

Fruit": Yes, it is an unbearable piece of art, and at the same time, a piece that has turned literally millions of people, around the world, against war.

To me, what Keane has given us, is every bit as valuable as *Strange Fruit*, *Guernica*, and Ohio. It is excruciating. It is agonizing. And it bids me to feel the pain and then find my own way to heal some teeny piece of that pain, not only of the hogs, but of the whole world.

—John Field



None of this is about hiding the horror, it's about how you present it. Not dwelling on it, balancing it some with the beauty of life and music, raising consciousness, honoring our art and humanity through it all.

—Michael Mayer

"In cases of injustice, of disrespect, of harm, of abuse, of violence, it's our responsibility to call out the harm in the name of compassion."

—Roshi Joan Halifax



“The most sensitive musical instrument is the human soul. The next is the human voice. One must purify the soul until it begins to sound.”

—Arvo Pärt

“I am always interested by people who are in search of purity. This need can occur in different ways, but when it exists it marks a living spirit.”

—Arvo Pärt

I’ve been touched by *Requiem for Animals* in multiple ways: the excitement I felt when we learned we would have the opportunity to bring the requiem to life; the tears that sprang to my eyes as I read through parts of the text; the discomfort of the contradiction between my beliefs and my practices; the dismay and horror I felt as I was confronted with the reality of modern food production; the disorientation of shifting perspectives; the worry about audience reaction. The texts used in the requiem are responsible in large part for the varied and shifting emotions I’ve experienced, but they’re only half of the story. There’s also the music.

For me, listening to the practice recordings is a “facts only”, impersonal sort of musical experience. It’s the notes and rhythms and dynamics, but no soul, at least to my ear. And at first, I’m focused solely on my part, on my experience of

learning those same notes and rhythms and dynamics. But even with just these bare bones renditions, even with no texts, the expressive power of the music is present. Each movement has its own mood, and yet there are thematic threads that run through the work and help stitch it together into a unified whole.

In gathering together to rehearse this work, we set aside the mechanized computer sounds for a while and exchange them for the human touch. We hear the music in our human voices. There are moments of delicacy and tenderness, others of sheer volume, power, and discordance. The music takes us on a journey through the whole spectrum of experience, one that echoes the intellectual and emotional journey the texts inspire. The sounds we make are supported with the piano and shaped by the gestures and guidance of our conductor. It is a human experience, with warmth and soul. But it will be an even richer one when we are finally joined by the orchestra, and hear the work, for the first time, as the composer envisioned.



“Whoever knows the mystery
of vibrations indeed knows
all things.”

—Hazrat Inyat Khan

As a child I recall a demonstration of sympathetic vibration in music class. The teacher engaged the damper pedal on the piano and loudly sang one note at the strings inside the case. Ever so faintly but unmistakably, the corresponding string inside the instrument answered, and began to vibrate in sympathy with the sound waves her voice produced. It seemed like magic.

I am still in awe of the magic music can produce, even independent of words. It can cause us to resonate with shared energy, affect us in ways we don’t anticipate, awaken something in us, strike a chord, inspire, disturb, touch us in a way deeper than words. I can’t predict just how anyone will respond to this music, but I am confident that it will touch something in you; that something in you will respond.

—Alison Schoales



I was not sure I had the emotional fortitude to sing *Requiem for Animals* until I hit on an idea that works for me.

I’ve been a singer all my life, both in the studio and on stage. Sometimes it was a breeze; sometimes it was just a funny little ditty. And sometimes—John Williams’ sound track from the film *Amistad* comes to mind—it was almost impossible to get through. Until I remember that as a singer, I am also an actor. Can I be the child of a man who is steeling himself to string up the hogs? A child who is a hair’s breadth away from going hungry unless her father keeps this horrific job? Can I be a cog in the wheel of mass murder—just a cog and nothing more? As I sing, I realize that in order to do that movement justice, I must be. I must hear the hog screaming for mercy from far, far away, like the angel who looks down from the realm above

“There were high squeals and low squeals, / grunts and wails of agony surging up to a deafening climax. / One by one they hooked up the hogs, / and one by one with a swift stroke, they slit their throats.

—from III. Sequence
(Dies Irae)



“The last two great auks were killed by Icelandic fishermen, Jón Brandsson and Sigurður Ísleifsson at Eldey Island in Iceland on July 3, 1844. They were found incubating an egg and were killed on request from a merchant who wanted specimens. Ketill Ketilsson smashed the egg with his boot, according to the John James Audubon Center at Mill Grove.”
—Wikipedia

earth, pitying the suffering creatures and yet not belonging to them. I sing a part and I play the part—of a historian who regrets the passing into oblivion of the last creature of its kind, or the one who must count how many have gone before.

So as a singer, I act. I harden my heart until the beautiful strains of the last movement command it to soften into forgiveness.

Amen, after all, means “so be it.”

—*Susan Boyd Joyce*



I’ve dived deep into the incredibly helpful “Tenor Louder” midi recordings of all 7 movements of the requiem and while it’s a little embarrassing to write this, there are more than a few sections that absolutely reduce me to tears. The power of what the composer writes about in words, layered over some of the most devastatingly beautiful music, is psychologically searing. Especially as the requiem’s summonings truly extend beyond the assault on the 600,000 wondrous creatures. . . . to all the marginalized peoples in our country and around the world, as the powers that be fiddle while the planet goes up in flames.

“Such incandescent beauty calls for us to do it justice.”



"... there are more than a few sections that absolutely reduce me to tears."

Such incandescent beauty calls for us to do it justice. Anything less would almost add to the violence raining down upon us all. I feel as though singing *Requiem for Animals* masterfully will both break our hearts and put them back together again.

—John Field



I believe Keane is an animal lover, as am I, and this composition is his way of using his talent to send an important message to the world in hopes of changing the behavior of at least some people with regard to how animals raised for food are treated; both in the raising of them and in their ultimate sacrifice. For a long time I have felt bad about the way hogs are raised on factory farms. They are as intelligent and friendly as dogs, yet treated horribly by us humans in the production of our Easter dinners and breakfast bacon. Would that the powers that be work to change this behavior via the courts and laws relating to how animals raised for food are husbanded.

—Peter Abell

"Pigs are considered highly intelligent animals, with cognitive abilities comparable to those of a three-year-old human child, and they are even ranked as the fifth most intelligent animal in the world."

—Adapted from an online *Sentient Science* article by Rachel Graham, 2023



“One could not watch very long
without hearing the hog squeal
of the universe.”

—from III. Sequence (Dies Irae)

The more harsh passages of the
“Sequence” will be over for the audience
in minutes only to move on to some-
thing else. One of my constant frustra-
tions with our concerts is that it is
impossible for the audience to fully
appreciate the brilliance of the work
we are presenting, not having stewed
in it for months. Perhaps this time
around, it is something to be grateful
for, that they are not lying in bed at
night mulling over these difficult
images and sounds.

—George Moore



I actually re-listened to the whole God’s
Country album today after talking last night.
Here are the topics explored and lamented in
the songs:

- industrial meat processing
- trauma from unexpected loss of life
- gun violence and resulting trauma
- suburban insanity resulting in self harm
- the terrors of capitalism in general
- repressed ancestral trauma
- revenge fantasy after a loved one is murdered

I could go on, but these guys go there and
there is no glory in it; you can tell that living
it has taken its toll and that delivering the
message takes an additional toll. There is
magic and catharsis in that kind of unflinch-
ing witness—it is no easy listen, that’s for
sure, but these types of works are important
to engage.

“And the eyes of God
Always watching
Always watching
Always watching

Hammers and grease
Pounding
Pounding
And the sad eyes, God damn it
And the screaming
More screaming than you’d
think
There’s more screaming than
you’d think.”

—from Slaughter House by
Oklahoma City noise rock
band Chat Pile

One need not enjoy the listen or the delivery mode, but it ought to be respected, even admired for the mere effort/ attempt to improve the human condition (and the world's in the process) by facing our darkest acts without blinking which, in the end, aren't perpetrated on others, but ourselves.

Many people may never respectfully, openly engage punk or metal music (as you have here). That's exactly why when someone (like Keane) explores a topic that appears "unseemly" or "uncomfortable" for a certain genre, we need to pay attention because a new audience may be reached with a new message (however disturbing, the main intent being not merely to disturb—which would be crass—but to effect change through truth telling).

There's a long history of music/musicians causing an uproar and evoking ire and disgust. We can only hope Keane's piece might someday gain notoriety in that fashion. It would mean it is working.

—*Talley Summerlin*

Keane Southard has crafted a remarkable piece, balancing lyrics that are very disturbing at times with a musical setting that is both evocative and beautiful. I find the interwoven traditional Latin of the requiem and the rhythmic patterns of the English text mesmerizing and thought-provoking. This is reflected in the beauty and serenity of the melodies to which the Latin text is set, and the pulsating, driving phrases carrying the message of the terrible treatment of animals. The denouement, "In Paradisum," conveys hope and a path to enlightenment. For me, the journey of learning this music has been both difficult and very rewarding.

—*Cheryl Hayden*

✿

"Giving up our struggle opens us to the music. And the performer's job is to do just that—to open fully to music, to let it come in, physically and mentally, and to become an unobstructed channel for its transmission to other people.

—*Madeline Bruser,*
The Art of Practicing



“The art of life is to make
another Soul vibrate with
a song of joy.”

—Edwin Leibfreed

I think for me part of what the appeal of the music is and why it’s so powerful is that Keane has written it in a way that is both familiar and consistent with the way that requiem music usually goes, and also something totally new.

The “Dies Irae” in particular and its driving rhythm is very reminiscent of my other favorite requiem, that of the Welsh composer Karl Jenkins; you really have no choice but to go along with it or risk being overwhelmed.

—Jenny Karstad



Working on this music has become an outlet for my angst about how to be in these distressing days. Keane’s work has become a metaphor for the destructive forces at play and I have been turning to Thích Nhất Hạnh’s meditation on impermanence to calm my soul. His guidance on right speech is also an important reminder [of the significance of our singing these words].

—Joe Madison

“When we accept that things are impermanent, we will not be incapacitated by suffering when things decay and die. We can enjoy life and appreciate it in a new way.”

—Attributed to
Thích Nhất Hạnh





"On June 30, 1906, Roosevelt signed the first comprehensive federal food safety laws in American history. The Meat Inspection Act set sanitary standards for meat processing and interstate meat shipments and prohibited companies from mislabeling or adulterating their products. The Pure Food and Drug Act created the U.S. Food and Drug Administration and prohibited the manufacture or sale of misbranded or adulterated food, medicines and liquor in interstate commerce. Since its 1906 publication, *The Jungle* has never been out of print. It remains one of the seminal books in American history, a novel that changed the country."

—Christopher Klein

I decided to re-read *The Jungle* (just because I can't get enough, I suppose), and because I couldn't recall anything about the Slaughterhouse scene at all, which now is giving us so much bother. I'd read the novel some five decades ago, and a lot of water has passed under the bridge since.

The scene—sausage-making by mathematics—comes quite early in the novel. Recently-arrived immigrants from eastern Europe get an early taste of the reality of the New World at the turn of the 20th century, in juxtaposition to the hopes and promises they had fostered in their home lands. Sinclair's version is many times longer than the fairly short passage that Mr. Southard extracted for use in his *Requiem for Animals*. Each sentence is more abysmal than the previous; the atrocities piling one on top of the other; and when you think it can't

get much worse, it does. The writing is so masterful it drives you on, even as the blood curdles.

What I did recall about the novel is very much in evidence, on this second reading. That is, the efforts of the human sufferers to strive to maintain a sense of dignity, decency, purpose, against a diabolically mechanized economic system that would, if it could, crush everyone to powder and toss them in the trash, dispensable, unrecognized, unmourned, forgotten, easily replaceable.

My cloudy recollection is, that Upton Sinclair was a journalist who exposed, through his writing, the many injustices, degradations, deceit and graft that plagued the food processing industry of the day. The utter disregard for animal welfare, the lack of meaningful safety standards, endemic corruption—all this disrespect was heaped upon the human workers in equal measure. Practicing amorality in one sphere makes it so much easier to practice the same in multiple spheres.

Yet I have always found the novel to be hopeful; that people can stand up for their own dignity, purpose, and place in the world. That we each have the ability to make improvements to what we have been given; to speak for, and recognize justice when it occurs, and to call it out when it doesn't. The task of making the world a better place is ongoing. We have been given the opportunity to participate in a tiny piece of world-building. We are connecting history with the present: by combining older texts with present day concerns and sensibilities; by learning music that is grounded in the tonal theories of the Classical masters, but that also explores more avant-garde harmonies. The past, combining with the present, to make a more perfect future.

—*Duane Case*

I am in total awe of how sensitively and movingly Keane Southard has blended the Latin requiem text; his deep feeling for the extinction and suffering of animal life; and zoological, philosophical and literary sources to provoke us all.

—*Elizabeth Christie*



"Requiem æternam dona eis,
Domine: et lux perpetua
luceat eis.

Eternal rest give to them, O
Lord, and let perpetual light
shine upon them.

—from V. Lux Æterna (Those
Who Are Gone Forever)



"I am my brother's keeper.
And I will fight his fight.
And speak the word
for beast and bird,
Till the world shall set things
right."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

At first, while I was impressed by the Requiem's depth and scope, I worried about performing what could be seen as a divisive work at this fragile moment when connection and healing seemed to be the order of the day. My growing concern about accelerating threats to society have gotten me over those sensitivities.

And those concerns led to another opposite worry—perhaps the piece wasn't incisive and timely enough. That while the loss of species and the inhumanity of the food system are horrible, the more proximate, arguably equally existential, challenge we face as a society is the accelerating outright cruelty to humans themselves here and abroad and the destruction of long-standing institutions and democracy.

As I grew more comfortable with the music, I also grew confident that these early concerns

were misplaced. Increasingly as I let the Requiem inhabit me and simultaneously contemplated the political zeitgeist, the more enthusiastic and moved by the Requiem I became, the more essential I feel the piece is for the moment, and the more fortunate I feel to be a part of its debut.

For me, the Requiem has become a direct statement about the condition of our culture and society. Our treatment of animals has always been at the heart of our long slide to desolation and inhumanity. And like the algorithm-driven technologies that insulated us from the squeals of pig slaughter at the turn of the last century, the technologies that increasingly dominate our culture promise to sap further the vestiges of community, jobs, humanity and agency from our personhood. The Requiem speaks directly to the apathy, anxieties and urgency at the core of our dilemma

Ultimately, I hope the Requiem is thought of not as a Requiem or even a Lament, but as a Marker for the moment we awakened and reclaimed the promise and responsibility of humanity.

—Buzz Schmidt



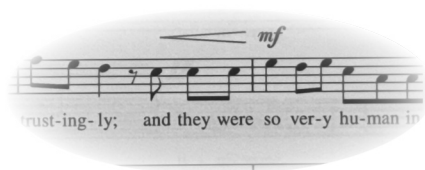
"If you have men who will
exclude any of God's
creatures from the shelter of
compassion and pity, you will
have men who will deal like-
wise with their fellow men."

—Francis of Assisi

I agree. It's not that we should not
be mindful of the inhumane
treatment of animals but that we
should put it in the context of our
inhumane treatment of humans.

What a fine group we have! There
are many thoughtful and "grown-
up" souls among us. We are lucky.

—Dave Roberts



At times, while I was singing this work and
was, thus, [gut-churningly] aware of the fact
that the words are crying out against human
cruelty to "lesser" animals, something else
came to mind: the fact that, daily, other
"innocents" are also being unequivocally
and methodically slaughtered. What I mean,
I think, is simply that this powerful requiem
describes yet another—albeit a more mech-
anized—facet of the behaviors that we
humans have, throughout the millennia,
displayed towards and foisted upon one
another . . . and are doing, still. Which is not
to minimize the trauma that humankind
inflicts on other species, but to also urge
us to be mindful that those are not the only
ones to whom we can be brutal.

—Freddie Hart

"How can we be blind and
cold enough / to be un-
moved by the groans and an-
guish, the writhing and tears,
/ that come up from its
unparalleled afflictions?"

—Adapted from

J. Howard Moore,
The Universal Kinship,
1906



“The research showed that vegan diets resulted in 75% less climate-heating emissions, water pollution and land use than diets in which more than 100g of meat a day was eaten. Vegan diets also cut the destruction of wildlife by 66% and water use by 54%, the study found.”

—Damian Carrington,
The Guardian

Requiem for Animals makes me feel:

- very sad that so many billions of innocent and vulnerable beings live out their shortened and pathetic lives with such cruelty, savagery and inhumanity needlessly inflicted upon them. Yet that is what factory farming excels at, to be economical and dismissive of the harm it does to its poor subjects;
- acutely pained, especially when singing “Trusting and strong in faith, he has gone about his business, while a horrid Fate waited in his pathway and did its cruel will with him” and “Who would take this hog into his arms and comfort him?”;



- hopeful that this music will be shared and spread so that more people won’t ignore but be made aware of the shocking cruelty of factory farming and slaughterhouses and, thus, choose to avoid or at least reduce supporting the business;
- and even (unrealistically) wishful that most people will join the nearly two billion of us worldwide who choose a vegetarian diet, making factory farming obsolete. I hope that all people will learn to treat their fellow humans and non-humans alike, whether domesticated or wild, the way they treat their loved ones and pets—with respect, kindness, and love.

—Henry Gibson

“What I keep thinking is this: If you torture one animal, you’re arrested and considered a psychopath. But if you abuse millions of animals in a systematic, industrial process, you’re hailed for your business acumen. That’s an uncomfortable contradiction at the heart of modern dining.”

—Nicholas Kristoff,
The New York Times



"I do feel that creating a large work like this (not just this one) where I spent such a long time creating it on my own (it was actually more like 10 months for the requiem, plus another year before that with the idea rolling around in my head) and having such an intimate and exclusive connection to it, and then launching it out into the world where I don't have complete control over it any more and in some respect takes on its own life, is probably the closest I'll ever get to being pregnant myself. Although perhaps female composers who are mothers may disagree!"

—Keane Southard

It has been an incredible privilege to work on the world premiere of *Requiem for Animals*. Not only do I know the composer personally, but the piece is skillfully and beautifully interpreted by our excellent director. Keane is a gifted, sensitive composer who has created a stunning masterpiece that takes us from unbearable suffering and pathos to incredible beauty and hope. This piece could well become a classic in the requiem genre; I hope other accomplished choruses throughout the country will take it on and offer it far and wide.

—Valerie Abrahamsen



I, too, feel honored to be a small part of this special premiere of such an important piece of music. At first—actually for many weeks!—I was so overwhelmed by its complexity, leaving me feeling I could never get a grip on it. But over those weeks it has grown on me, and I feel more and more confident and supportive of what it is saying; and I hope we can help the audience, hearing it only once, feel its powerful message(s). In Jonathan's good hands I expect we will!

—Lee Stookey

"This is what art can do for us—allow us to explore other perspectives, and in so doing, examine and clarify our own."

—Jonathan Harvey



“... letting the pathos teach me to hold the two and four legged dwellers of this earth with more compassion, become more careful, conscious and responsible in my choices, and evolve towards forgiveness.”

—Wendy Osborne

To say that this experience has been anything less than a heart wrenching journey would be inaccurate. I am grateful that the forces to ‘stay in’ have been compelling enough to move with the difficult parts. Showing up for the challenge has made it impossible for my heart to not fully receive the message, in fact over and over again.

What I’ve found so interesting is how the actual experience of singing and practicing exactly mirrors the text. Avoidance: let’s look at this later not now; Pathos and gut wrenching sympathy for the profound suffering of precious living beings, and looking squarely at my part in this; The attempt



to harden myself into insensitivity in order to sing certain passages. It’s like I can’t get away from the layered complexity of these truths: no matter which way I turn I encounter one slice of the maze. Now, I can say that I feel grateful for this whole experience; the practice of holding all the complexity. Not rejecting the desire to avoid, breathing with the hard passages rather than becoming insensitive, and letting the pathos teach me to hold the two and four legged dwellers of this earth with more compassion, become more careful, conscious and responsible in my choices, and evolve towards forgiveness.

—Wendy Osborne

“All my compositions . . . always led me to another way of observing the familiar and the unknown in a new, stringent context. Music not as a priori familiar “language” but as a dynamically moving “situation” that invites the listener to observe and at the same time to observe himself. This is how I experience music that means something to me as art: as an adventure of the mind in a largely spiritually hostile civilization. Music . . . moves thinking and feeling at the same time.”

—Helmut Lachenmann

Boundless thanks from the entire

Concert Choir

for the wonderful opportunity

to sing this remarkable piece.



With all best wishes:

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|  Bluebird |  Caribbean Monk Seal |  Richdale's Penguin |  Bali Tiger |  Tasmanian Emu |  Hokkaido Wolf |  Quagga |
|  White Swamp Hen | <div>Booklet compiled and edited by George Moore</div> <div>Proofread by Ruth Allard and Lee Stookey</div> <div>Designed by Helen Merena</div>  | | | | |  Eastern Hare Wallaby |
|  Florida Black Wolf | | | | | |  Spectacled Cormorant |
|  Great Auk | | | | | |  Cape Warthog |
|  Tobias Caddisfly | | | | | |  Norfolk Pigeon |
|  Carolina Parakeet | | | | | |  Thylacine |
|  Portuguese Ibex | | | | | |  Schomburgk's Deer |
|  Chatam Duck |  Steller's Sea Cow |  Syrian Elephant |  Sea Mink |  Canary Island Oyster Catcher | | |